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"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

Puck

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NOTICE.

No portion of this paper will be sold for use in campaign documents or for other political purposes. No exception will be made to this rule. PUCK'S print and pictures are for the people; not for politicians.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

We go forth not merely to gain a partisan advantage, but pledged to give to those who trust us the utmost benefits of a pure and honest administration of national affairs.—GROVER CLEVELAND.

One of the great and marvelous mysteries of American politics is the Friend of the Workingman. As far as we know, he has always existed—at least ever since the formation of the Republic. And it is a strange and startling fact that in all that time he has never contrived to ameliorate the condition of the workingman. In spite of his heroic struggles, that is, apparently, the one thing that he can not do. He can ameliorate his own condition; and he generally does. As a rule, you may know the friend of the workingman by his diamond stud, which is like unto a locomotive head-light for size and shine. But by his works you will never know him. Search his record as you may, you will never find that he has kept wages at a just and remunerative figure; that he has opened profitable avenues of employment; that he has done anything to bring about a better understanding between labor and capital. But you will pretty surely find that he has amassed a fortune for himself; that he is living on the fat of the land; that his associates are monopolists and money-grabbers of all sorts, and that he himself has never done an honest day's work in his life.

*

Mr. James G. Blaine is at present very anxious to have it understood that he is a Friend of the Workingman. Let us see exactly what sort of Friend he is to anybody except himself. When this campaign began, there were certain vague rumors in circulation, to the effect that Mr. Blaine was interested in certain enterprises in the Hocking Valley, Ohio. Now at that time the Hocking Valley was full of underpaid, overworked, desperate miners, who, later, were driven into a strike which became, in the end, a riot. Now it was not advisable that a candidate for the Presidency should be even suspected of being one of the greedy monopolists who had driven these unfortunate men to the last refuge of despair. So some blainiac was found to write a letter to the Republican nominee, asking him if the rumors were true. The Republican nominee answered with promptitude and a lie, which is what he has been known to do before. He wrote: "I am not and never have been the owner of any coal lands or iron lands or lands of any character whatever in the Hocking Valley or in any part of Ohio. Nor have I at any time owned a share of stock in any coal, iron or land company in the State of Ohio."

The "Hope Furnace" and the Standard Coal and Oil Co. were two of the Hocking Valley enterprises, consolidated. On September 30th, 1884, there were printed in the *Evening Post* of New York this receipt:

" NEW YORK, May 25, '82.

Received of J. Henry Brooks, Fifty thousand dollars of the First Mortgage bonds of the Standard Coal & Iron Company on account of James G. Blaine, numbered from 351 to 400 inclusive.

[Signed.]

S. B. ELKINS."

And a letter from Mr. Blaine to a business agent, which commenced:

" SENATE CHAMBER,
WASHINGTON, Dec. 30th, '80. }

Dear Sir—Find inclosed my draft for \$25,000 in payment of my subscription to the Hope Furnace enterprise—"

and which was signed by J. G. Blaine.

* * *

The authenticity of these documents, and of various others of the same purport, is admitted by the Blaine organs. They have made a feeble attempt to show that the transaction was a sort of complicated, extraordinary, mysterious loan; but no fantastic theories, no reckless sophistry can get around the clear testimony of Mr. Blaine on this subject. Mr. Blaine has called it, over his own signature, "my subscription to the Hope Furnace enterprise." Very often Mr. Blaine is not to be believed. His organs tell us that he is a truthful man. Let us then believe

him—on this occasion only. Why? Because he would have had no object in lying.

This is the Friend of the Workingman. The owner of a hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar house in Washington, which he holds to-day. The owner of a fifty-thousand-dollar share in the Hocking Valley monopoly, which he shifted—for he got out of his investment at a profit—before the crash came that ruined the hapless wretches who had been lured into the enterprise because "smart Jim Blaine" was in it. In—yes; in on the ground floor, and out at the back door. And now, to-day, the only way he can find of repudiating his partnership with the men whose short-sighted avarice brought about the bloody riot in the Hocking Valley, is to represent himself as a stool-pigeon, used, with his full knowledge and consent, and to his own profit, to lure others into an enterprise which he himself crawled out of.

In Hocking Valley lies the record of Mr. Blaine's friendship for the workingman. Let Hocking Valley's starvation, riot and murder tell the tale of his affection for those who toil for their daily bread. Let his palace at Washington tell the tale of his affection for a tricky and dishonest politician, who has systematically used his public office for his private profit.

Woe unto them that call Evil Good, and Good Evil.—Isaiah V. 20.

ANOTHER CASE OF "BLAINE-ISM."



BANK CASHIER.—"I have found Various Channels in which I have been Useful, and have proved no Deadhead in this Enterprise; so now I think I had better cast my Anchor to Windward."

Political Perplexities.

The Effect of a Newspaper Campaign on an Ardent Lover.

I've read the *Tribune* and the *World*, the *Herald* and the *Times*,
I've read their double-leaded 'eds,' their wild campaigning rhymes;
With columns running parallel my brain is all a-whirling;
And frequently I duck my head to dodge the lies they're hurling.

I've read of Belva Lockwood's charms, and Butler's lonesome boom;
And how St. John is going up the Prohibition flume;
I've read of sunstrokes, bonds and Blaine, and sadly learned that 'slogan'
Was put into the language just to make a rhyme to Logan.

I've read of interviews and bribes, and wind-betraying 'straws,'
I've read of men who've monkeyed with the highest moral laws.
I've heard about the usefulness of anchors cast to wind'ard—
Which may be clever; but I don't see what it was that hindered.

I know how Ellsworth skipped the town, and left the sheriff lone
To weep o'er sixteen cents' worth of effects he didn't own.
I have heard of ancient Hendricks with the name it's hard to rhyme to;
And of Cleveland's early struggles and the heights he's had to climb to.

I have read of many candidates, and in my brain confused
I can only vaguely realize they're all of them abused;
And to find if any one of them is truly for Protection
Is a problem I shall solve about a year from next election.

There's a tangle in my mentals, and I haven't got the sense
To do anything but balance me discreetly on the fence;
But in some distant future I'll digest what I have noted,
And learn for whom I ought to have unanimously voted.

But though in things political I'm puzzled and perplexed,
I know of one small party that by discord is unvest:
And, in fact, I'll whisper to you, I myself compose that party,
And its vote is going solid for Miss Angeline McCarty.

A. H. OAKES.



TROCHES.

UNCO' CANNY—The Goat.

ON THE TRAIL—The Vine.

THE BEST CURE-ALL—PUCK.

CUT ON THE BIAS—Ben Butler.

LOW TIDE—The Summer Shoe.

UP IN ARMS—The Remingtons.

A CIGAR-HOLDER—General Grant.

THE HOME-GUARD—The Bull-dog.

ON ITS LAST LEGS—The Kangaroo.

THE ROLL-CALL—The Baker's Cry.

A NARROW ESCAPE—The Alleyway.

RAISING CANE—The Southern Planter.

OPEN TO ARGUMENT—The Court-House.

STRAINING FOR EFFECT—The Crafty Milkman.

A DAZZLING CAREER—A Firework Manufacturer's.

THE DARKEST HOUR is when you can't find the matches.

BEHIND TIME—The Man who has been Knocked Out.

A MINSTREL JOKE—Paying a Dollar and a Half to Go to the Show.

THE THREE BALLS—The Charity, the Lieder-kranz, and the Old Guard.

NO, ELFIRA, "discount" and "viscount" do not rhyme on this paper.

"IT'S ALL *over* WITH ME"—As the Unpopular Actor Remarked to a Friend.

THE AVERAGE coachman is beginning to believe that it is only a step from the *coupé* to the coupon.

Puckerings.



The little maiden goes
Adown the shady wood,
Her little rounded nose
Glowes like a Summer rose
Just underneath her hood.

In valleys russet-shod
She wanders all the day

Where sumachs lightly nod,
And plucks the goldenrod
And asters ever gay.

She picks them by the brooks
That "babble," "laugh" and "purl"
Through fragrant little nooks,

And presses them in books,
This lovely little girl.

She sees the chipmunk play
Upon the slender limb;
She sees the pranksome jay,
And hears the jocund lay
He sings with wondrous vim.

Who'd know the other things
Peculiar to this elf,
Whose laughter round us rings,
Had better borrow wings
And ask her for himself.

THE MILKMEN are unanimously for St. John.

ONE OF the morning papers complains that the naval cadets are not kept at sea enough. What's the matter with the editor? Does he want the cadets to be drowned? Doesn't he know that they have to go in vessels belonging to the American navy?

IF MR. ST. JOHN will put up his right hand and swear before witnesses that he will give us running water on the second and third floors of our dwellings, why, there would be thousands that would "bolt" Belva and go right over to his ranks. This is a live issue.

A YOUNG ACTRESS went away from Trenton suddenly the other day, and the newspapers said she had eloped. The next day she published an indignant denial of the soft impeachment. It was afterward ascertained that the gentleman with whom she was accused of eloping was not a coachman.

IT IS now on the cards for Gail Hamilton to throw down Mr. Blaine's pen and stop writing his book, or whatever he is engaged upon, and step upon the rostrum and send his name and a history of his deeds flying down the turnpike of time, in words of deathless fire that burn like the business-end of a hornet.

THE MAN who is obliged to continue wearing the white straw hat he purchased in July says that there is no use of shedding it now, because we are to have more hot weather and the regulation Indian Summer. But he secretly envies the man who invested in a blue hammock-hat, for that man now has the laugh on him.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX writes this:

"When the fair statue is finally done,
The picture framed and hung in all men's sight,
Sculptor and artist miss the keen delight
That filled them when their labors were begun."

If Ella is alluding to the statue of Liberty by Mr. Bartholdi, she is right to a dead certainty; because when that statue is done and "in all men's sight," the sculptor will be where bronze statues are exceeding scarce.

SOME POPULAR PROVERBS.

Solomon has been held up to the admiration of the civilized world as the wisest man that ever lived. He undoubtedly knew a great deal. The best proof of his wisdom is the fact that he discovered the Ophir mine long before the Comstock lode was known to any person, and worked it for all it was worth in those days. He never placed the stock on the market, but held it all himself, and drew all the dividends. If he lived now-a-days, Benjamin Franklin Butler would call him a monopolist and call upon the workingmen not to vote for his candidate.

Solomon wrote some proverbs, and they were thought very highly of in the good old times. Even to this day, in certain parts of the country, conservative people regard them as imperishable monuments of antique wisdom, and prefer them to the living, breathing utterances of Roscoe Conkling and George Francis Train.

Other people have also originated proverbs. Like all great men, Solomon has had his imitators, and now the world is flooded with remarks that read like the morals of decayed fables. Let us take a fleeting glance at some of them.

"You never miss the water till the well runs dry."

That looks like a fair statement, doesn't it? Now, let us see. When a man gets up in the morning, and finds that the pitcher in his room doesn't contain a drop of water, and knows that the hydrant is down in the back yard—three flights of stairs away—and the thermometer is at zero, doesn't he miss the water? Well, we should remark! Is the well dry? Not a great deal.

When a fellow is rowing a boat in a mile race, and he comes forward like lightning and then yanks his oar about a foot above the surface of the river and rolls backward off the seat, doesn't he miss the water? Somewhat.

"The burnt child dreads the fire."

That's another of the same kind. Did you ever see a small boy construct a big bonfire? Did you ever see a boy run and jump over it when it was blazing, and burn his bare toe by lighting on an ember? Well, when there was another bonfire in that street, did that boy ram his hands down into his pockets and go take a walk around the next block?

Say! Did you ever see a Fourth of July? Did you ever see a boy set off a fire-cracker that wouldn't go, and, when he went back to see what was the matter with it, enjoy the greatest surprise party of his life by having it go off in his hands and burn all his fingers? On the next Fourth that boy wouldn't touch a fire-cracker with a ten-foot pole, would he? Oh, no, of course not. That's just the kind of a boy a boy is, isn't it?

"As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined."

This is a metaphorical proverb. We never knew a tree had any inclinations at all, unless it had an inclination to leave. Any one can see that there are a great many twigs on a tree, and they are bent in a great many different directions. Now, a tree has n't got time to pay attention to all of them.

If the proverb had stated that as the tree is bent so is the small boy inclined, one might have been able to see some sense in it.

"The boy is father to the man."

Any one can see that isn't true. If it is, why doesn't the boy thrash the man when the man don't get up in the morning and go to school?

"Spare the rod and spoil the child."

This is genuine, downright bad advice. The very worst thing a man can do is to spare the rod and spoil the child. Boys were made to be whipped. It doesn't spoil a boy to whip him. He's just as good after the whipping as he was before, and can be lambasted again the next day with equal effect. As for the rod, there is no need of sparing it. Rods are cheap.

"Great wits are sure to madness near allied."

This proverb is true. There is more truth to the square inch in this proverb than there is in most newspapers. There never was a humorist who was not more or less mad. If you don't think so, go and start a comic paper, and if you don't get rip-staving, snorting, roaring mad inside of a week, we'll present you with the back-numbers of our own wrath. The author of this proverb was not Solomon, but Mr. J. Dryden.

"To the victor belong the spoils."

This is a political proverb. It was written by Stephen W. Dorsey. Its truth has never been questioned, and we don't propose to question it now. There is not any doubt that the victor catches on each and every time; and to whatever he catches he holds fast. There is nothing mean about a victor. He takes it all. If you don't believe it, go and nominate yourself for the Presidency, like Belva Lockwood.

"Burn this letter."

This is a personal and confidential proverb written by Mr. James G. Blaine, of Maine. Whenever Mr. Blaine writes a letter in which he gives himself utterly away, he always writes this proverb at the end of it. Then the man doesn't do it, and Mr. Blaine gets all broken up in business. Go thou and do not likewise.

IT IS called the "belted bee" because it is belted at so frequently and so seldom hit.

THE FOX AND THE JACKASSES.

A sly old Fox who was famous all the country round for his love of trickery and double-dealing, once secured his admission as a delegate to a Convention of the animals in the brazen hope of being made Chief Steward of all the Forests. But he soon discovered that he was too well known to command the slightest respect or influence, whereupon he issued a Six-column manifesto to a herd of Jackasses in a neighboring Field in the following terms:

"When I found that the Convention would not accept my advice as the very essence of all that is wise and pure, from that hour any candidature of mine in that Convention became to me impossible."

At this the Jackasses set up a tremendous Braying, and unanimously declared the Fox the greatest of Animals and the chief of all the Jackasses.

MORAL.—The sourdest grapes that grow are to be found in a Political Convention, and Jackasses will be Jackasses the world over.

J. B. BELL.

A BIRD ON the opera-hat is worth twenty in the milliner's window.

WHILE A New Jersey ferry-boat was crossing the river, the other morning, there was a booming of cannon, which caused many of the people to rush to the windows.

"I shouldn't think people would jump up for such a little thing as that," said an old lady to some one who was with her,

"I shouldn't think so, either," was the response.

Then her little boy spoke.

"I've seen a smaller thing than that make a man jump up."

"What was it?" said the old lady.

"A carpet-tack," replied the boy, as he moved off a respectable distance to get out of reach.

PROMISE AND PERFORMANCE.



BEFORE ELECTION.—Of some consequence. Well taken care of.



AFTER ELECTION.—"Hey, look out for yourself!"

THE PHANTOMS OF FICTION.

THE "POPULAR" NOVEL AND THE HEALTHY-MINDED SICK MAN.

The Sick Man's brain was in a whirl. The doctor had said that what his system needed was perfect rest and quiet. He must stay in bed, eat and drink sparingly of simple, nourishing food, and on no account receive visits from his friends. Might he read? Certainly; there would be no harm in reading stories—quiet ordinary stories, especially. He would advise him not to excite himself with anything remarkable for dramatic situation or depth of feeling. So his friends had supplied him with stories and novels of a sedative nature, and he had pored over them for two days.

No wonder his brain was in a whirl.

And now it was the evening of the second day. The doctor had paid his last visit for the day; the attendant had retired, and the Sick Man was trying to compose himself for the night. The light from a single low-turned gas-jet shone upon his bed. Dark shadows filled the corners of the room, and shaded the outlines of the furniture and wainscoting.

And the Sick Man lay, with eyes staring wide open and brain in a whirl, waiting patiently for the sleep that would not come. His mind was full of the "ordinary" stories he had read, and the characters seemed to come trooping about him, an indistinguishable throng. They were whispering together in the dark corners of the room and creeping across the floor, and now one, bolder than the rest, scaled the foot-board and sat there, peering at the weary man.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"The Female Physician," replied the phantom: "surely I hold an honored place in American fiction?"

"Yes, I know you," said the sufferer: "You've got gray eyes—you always have gray eyes—and a gentle touch, and you cure all sorts of complaints. I know what you're going to do. You're going to be called in to attend a man who's broken his arm. He's one of those men who don't believe in women doctors, and won't have 'em at any price—any more than I would, for that matter—and you're going to set his arm for him, and give him a dose of something that'll put him to sleep. Then he's going to get interested in you and you're going to be indifferent to him. Finally you'll marry him. That's your way of getting even with him for saying what he thought of female doctors. Now, isn't that about the programme you've laid out for yourself? Tell me quick."

The phantom admitted that it was.

"Then bounce!" he exclaimed, and the crest-fallen spirit hurriedly withdrew.

"There," said the Sick Man: "I've got rid of one of those infernal characters. Let's see who that is coming now."

"I'm Grizzly Bill," said the phantom which had perched on the edge of the bed.

"You are, are you? Well, I'll Grizzly Bill you if you don't get out of here. I know well enough what you're at. You're a rough nugget of Western gold, and you wear a red shirt, and call people 'pard' and 'stranger.' You can drink whiskey and play poker, and you're going to sacrifice yourself for a 'tenderfoot' and 'pass in your checks' with words of heroism on your lips. I've been reading about you and diluted versions of you ever since Bret Harte first introduced you to us. What's more, I don't want any more of you. Now dust!"

The spirit vanished, and another took its place.

"You may think that I'm a governess," began the new-comer.

"No, I don't!" shrieked the invalid: "You can't fool me. I know you too well. You're

EVERY HOUSE-KEEPER NEEDS ONE.



THE INFALLIBLE AEOLIAN COOK AND CHAMBER-MAID AWAKER. A PRICELESS BLESSING IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD.

an heiress, and you've been hired to go and look after the old gentleman's grandchildren, because he wants his nephew to marry you. That same nephew is a young man with romantic ideas who won't do what he's told to, and his uncle has to fool him with just such tricks as that. He's going to fall in love with you and say he'll marry you in spite of the old gentleman, who has mapped out an heiress for him. Then you'll blush and confess that you've deceived him, and the uncle will come out from behind the door and give you his blessing. That's what you were going to work off on me, isn't it? Oh, I know you well enough. I've read about you at least nine times in the last two days, and it strikes me you're about played out."

The discomfited phantom vanished, and a scowling, gloomy face peered over the foot-board.

"There is a secret which has oppressed my whole life," it said: "my past has been a sad and bitter one—"

"It has, has it?" screamed the sufferer: "Well, if I had a club handy your future would be worse than your past. You're Rochester and Guy Livingstone and St. Elmo and Rutledge all rolled into one, and you're more of a cad than any one of the four—which is saying a good deal. You're going to get some innocent girl to fall in love with you, and you're going to humbug her with your wretched stories about a blasted life, and bore her with your tuppenny cynicisms. Of course there are women who like you. There's a halo of cheap romance which hallows you just as the area grating hallows the policeman to the eyes of the cook. Go to that book-case and take down 'Pendennis,' and fall on your knees before Warrington. He was a man with a disappointment, but no one ever dreamed of associating him with you. Do you know why? Because he was a gentleman, which is more than any one of you four ever were or could be. Read Thackeray—"

The saturnine face vanished, exorcised by that sacred name. And with it disappeared, too, the rest of the phantom bores who had come to disturb the Sick Man's slumbers.

As for the invalid, he soon fell into a sweet sleep, and dreamed that he had revolutionized American fiction.

J. L. FORD.

CURRENT COMMENT.

WHAT THE country needs now is a free lunch candidate for President. In view of the fact that there is a large and constantly increasing free lunch element in this country, it seems that it should have a representative in the Presidential race. If no one else could be found to shoulder the banner of the free lunchers, no doubt Ben Butler could be induced to assume the responsibility of such a position. Of course he has his hands full of nominations at present; he is overflowing with 'em, and it may seem that he can not carry any more. But Ben is registered to bear more than has been heaped upon him already, for yea verily he covereth a multitude of political creeds.

OUR FROG-EATING contemporary, the *Courier des Etats Unis*, prints a skit entitled "A Musical Test," which tells us that a woman may be judged by her musical preferences. It states that if she is fond of Verdi she is sentimental, and if she leans to Wagner she is a crank, etc. It might also have added that if her musical idol is Dave Braham she thinks Grand Street finer than Fifth Avenue, and that if she goes into ecstasies of delight over Harrison Millard she is very fond of lemonade.

THE ARTIST who depends upon the portrait-painting of political banners to secure money enough ahead to provide himself with an overcoat is now waxing in an old-gold melancholy, when he reflects on the fact that the rural Democratic organizations are practising economy by pulling out the old 1876 banners with Mr. Hendricks on them, and using a stencil-plate which enables an artist to make a pretty fair Cleveland out of Tilden in a few strokes.

NEAR SALISBURY, England, they had a cricket-match between women on one side and men on the other. The conditions of the match obliged the men to bat with broomsticks, and to field and bowl with the left hand. This is a fair specimen of the female emancipation movement. Women's rights generally mean the abridgement of men's. But the men won.

ST. JOHN'S ACCEPTANCE—All right, I don't mind if I do; put a little sugar in this time.

AN ARTILLERY RIDE.



[No. XXIII.]
ES," said the Doctor, thoughtfully: "I do like to tell those old war-stories over again. How fresh the whole thing is in my mind! I was only fourteen when the war broke out, but I wanted to go, and finally did. I was large of my age, and I kept at it till finally I got away from my home and started to join the army.

I didn't enlist at home, though. I went to the front, where the boys were putting down the rebellion, and I'll never forget how disappointed I was when I got there. My idea was to go up to the front, swing my hat, and lead the boys on to victory; but when I got there, owing to some misunderstanding, the band did not meet me, and the war went right on. I intended to go to the General and tell him that it was sweet to die for liberty, and that if he would show me where the carnage was thickest I would go there and die under the starry banner free, with a short-hand reporter to take down my dying words.

"But the General didn't seem to be prepared for me. He had his old clothes on, and wasn't riding on the snorting war-horse that a General generally rides in a picture.

"I asked him last Spring in Washington if he remembered that glorious day when I joined the army, and he said he didn't remember a blamed thing about it.

"I wanted to join the artillery, thinking I could scrunch the rebellion quicker perhaps in that way than any other. So I got a chance to ride out on a gun with a friend and see the artillery drill about three miles away.

"I remember it very well now. I sat on the behind axle of a gun-carriage, where I could enjoy myself. I didn't know much about the artillery service except from pictures, where I had seen a tall officer with store-clothes feeding iron balls into the throat of a large cannon. That day, however, I acquired an insight into the style of conducting an artillery fight.

"The gun-carriage is different from most

other carriages. There are no springs to it, and when the driver erroneously runs over a haystack or a smoke-house it produces more or less of a concussion.

"We hadn't more than left camp with that artillery outfit before we had the biggest runaway I ever saw. In two minutes every horse was on the dead run.

"I yelled to the driver to saw 'em down and stop his team or we'd run right into the middle of the Confederacy and lose the respect of the South; but he laughed in a coarse, brutal way and socked the buck-skin right on. I tried to hang on to an iron handle, but I was in the air most of the time.

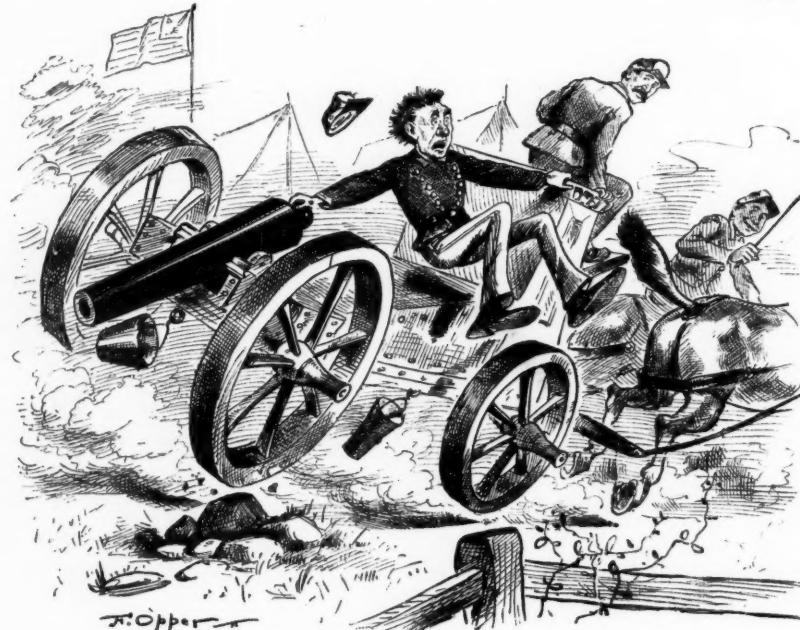
"Now, at home, when we drove a team anywhere, we usually followed the road and went around people's fields; but, Great Scott! that day, I remember, we jumped nine rail fences with our cannon, and galloped over the croquet-lawns like all possessed. We sailed through more watermelon patches than I ever saw. After we mashed the first fence down, I told the officer that if he'd halt the command I'd get off and put up the fence again, so as to kind of keep the cows out; but he was a haughty young holy terror from York State, and he gave me a scornful reply which has escaped my memory.

"Wherever we went we left ruin and desolation. Our track was strewn with destruction and watermelon-juice. I decided not to use the artillery in putting down the rebellion. When we were ready to return, I asked permission to walk. I said there was no great rush about my getting back to camp; and as it was only three miles, I would prefer to walk and commune with Nature.

"I did so. I walked, and so did the horses. They walked slowly and peacefully back to camp, and the whole army of the Tennessee laughed at me when I got there.

"I hope it will be many years ere our fair land is again deluged with blood. Let us struggle so far as we may to put off such a conflict as that which came upon us twenty years ago; for, unless it should come within the next year at least, I feel as though the government could not reasonably expect me to leave my business and go into another war. Why should a physician leave his practice and undertake to kill his fellow-man through the long and tedious process of war?"

BILL NYE.



—I was in the air most of the time.—

EXPLAINED.

HOW TORCH-LIGHT PROCESSIONS MAKE VOTES.

WIFE (*who wants to learn*).—"Perhaps, it's because I'm 'only a woman, and not intended by nature to comprehend these larger things of life'—as you frequently remind me, my dear—but I really wish you would explain so that I could understand what earthly use it is to anybody to have these campaign clubs, uniforms, banners, fire-works and hideous torch-light processions every night."

HUSBAND (*who is delighted to teach*).—"That is plain enough to any one, or should be, my love. It is an essential part of the campaign machinery, only less important than to have candidates and parties. All these things create enthusiasm, and it is enthusiasm that wins. The red, white and blue lights, the gorgeous trappings, the glittering pageant, the bombs bursting in air, the shouts of glad acclaim—all these go far to settle the business. A big torch-light procession that takes two hours and a half in passing a given point is a knock-down argument in itself—don't you see?"

"You mean it 'nails campaign lies,' as you call it—shows that the slanders were false, washes off the mud thrown by miscreant maligners, proves the candidate a pure patriot, convinces the intelligent citizen, and so makes votes for our side?"

"Precisely, my love. I see you have got that point clearly enough—a little ornate and voluptuous, as it were, but essentially correct. It is evident your sex is getting educated up to a comprehension of the undying principles that control the political system of our republic."

[A resounding smack.]

"We all take pride in learning now we have a candidate of our own, of course. But there's one minor point, my dear, that I wish you'd make just a little plainer. You say processions make votes?"

"Precisely."

"Then a parade of Plumed Knights convinces every one that Mr. Blaine did not write that Morey letter, and that he doesn't know how to write, anyhow—"

"My love!"

"And a crowd of men in red caps, silver-plated capes and green leggings likewise convince every one that Mr. Cleveland never vetoed a bill, and that he doesn't know a veto when he sees one—"

"Julia!"

"And a mob of men and boys got up like guys from a Western circus struck by a cyclone, yelling like Comanches, and a brass-band, make it plain as day to the most ordinary intelligence that General Butler never stole a spoon, and wouldn't know a spoon if it was stuck into his mouth full of hot soup—"

"Julia Ann!!!"

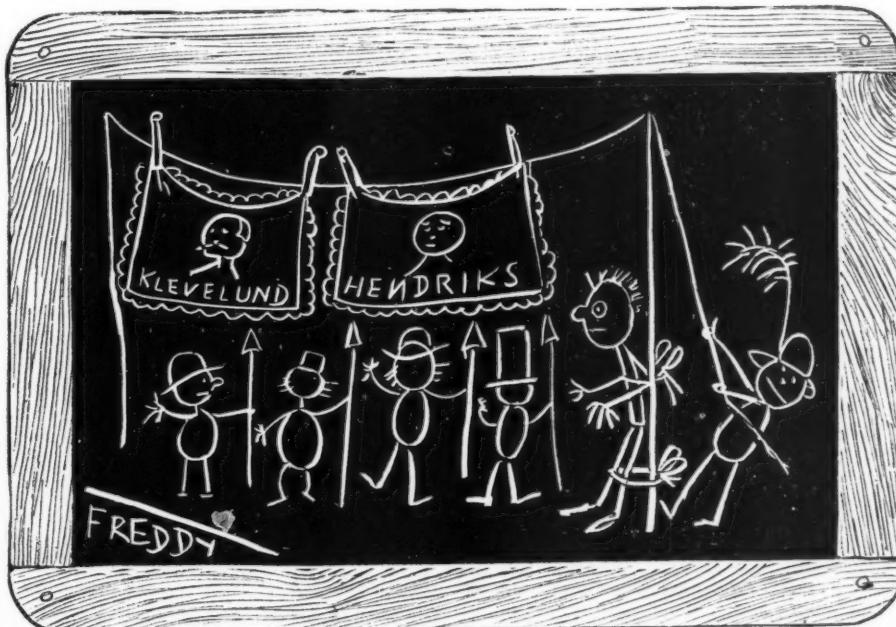
"And that a lot of cranks dressed to resemble chain-pumps, water-coolers, ice-chests, reservoirs, hose-carts, old oaken buckets and street-sprinklers, perambulating Broadway at midnight, would settle it that Mr. St. John won't have any guns in his canvass, because they have to get 'loaded,' and that he wasn't brought up on a bottle—"

"Julia Ann STEBBINS!!! And—oh, yes, go on! And a woman who has got the politics of her country down as fine as you have from her cook-book and *Bazar* ought to be Secretary of State in Belva Lockwood's Cabinet; and a crazy-quilt hung out for a Lockwood campaign banner shows the state of mind of the man who is fool enough to try and find out what his wife don't know about Presidential Elections in one lesson."

[A resounding bang of the door.]

WINTHROP.

FREDDY'S SLATE
AND HIS LITTLE LETTER TO THE EDITOR.



newyoarkoctoberforetean

dear puck

i cend you a car Toon this weke that may bee my lasst

but i Doant cair off it is i hav had My funn an i am reddey two pay four it becides as my pop ses this Is a ceson of pollitticle ecsitement wen the grate hart of the peple Is throbbin an a man may doo moast enneything

we hav bin formen a cleavland An hendrix club it is compouds of moast of the boise on Ouer bloc an it is desstind to be A mitey powr in Ouer pollitticle cistem

i am glad off That four i shal nead the mitey powr wen jim jonson gets Affter me

the panefle fackt is As my pop ses that jim jonson is blane wile orl the rest off the boys ar cleavland jim is in A my norrity

a my norrity moastly aint mutch butt wen i Am a loan i am in a my norrity two An he is a bigger my norrity than Me an he cann lick me

lasst nite we had A bannor rasin an speaches an lotts of fun

we maid the bannors owt of jim jonsons mothers besst bedd spreds wich we stoal orf the closelines

then we gott jim jonson In two the yard buy tellin him We wer gone to shoot A catt an wen he cain we tide him Two the closeline poal and maid him taik in the hole demmon stracion

it took eleven of us two do It an he kickd orfly butt wen we gott him Tide he was orl wright

the meatin wond up in A blaize of enthoosiasm an we leffed jim jonson two gett owt by him self

but i am affrade thare Wil be a nuther blaize wen jim jonson gets me a lone

yours hoapin nott freddy

p s cen bac my slight an wen you do please lend me your orfiss club that you keap Fore men whoo right pomies

CURRENT COMMENT.

SARAH W. WHITMAN asks in one of the magazines: "What, then, is a work of art?" We will tell you, Sally—we mean Sarah. A work of art is a piece of canvas covered with different colored paints, and then danced upon by the artist to make it unintelligible and full of passion; after which it is called "A Nocturne," "A Study in Blue," "A Storm in Brittany," and sold to a wealthy fish-vender for ten thousand dollars.

A BOSTON LADY took her six-year-old daughter to see Henry Irving play *Hamlet*. After the performance the mother said:

"Well, dear, how did you like Mr. Irving?"
"He's the worst Bunthorne I ever saw," was the reply.

IN BOAT-RACING and prize-fighting a man never speaks of his many maladies unless defeated. It seems strange that men capable of undergoing such rigid training should be upset by sickness just at the vital moment.

THIS IS the time of year when the young lady goes hunting for Autumn leaves, and finds more hay-fever and rheumatism and influenza and wood-ticks than she knows what to do with.

A WESTERN ORATOR thought he was paying St. John a high compliment when he declared him to be water-proof.

THE YOUNG lady who makes crazy-quilts is more than polite to the young man who wears gaudy scarfs.

Answers for the Aurions.

A TRANSIENT.—All right.

G. A. H.—Much obliged; but we can't help it.

E. SUARK.—We don't wish to be uncomplimentary; but you won't do—you won't do at all!

D. C. E.—Dear boy, we did it long ago. This trip you have not arisen with sufficient matutinal celerity and promptitude.

R. B. H., N. Y.—Good, young man, good; but if you will cast the calcium-light of your memory back upon the shadowy past, you will find that we have done it already.

H. EICHBAUM.—They are good; but, somehow, they don't wind themselves around our heart-strings. Perhaps we have been a little surfeited with that particular style of humor of late.

"CHERRY BOB"—The man who writes us a letter in Artemus Ward spelling, but without the least faint shadow of a desiccated odor of a ghost of the Artemus Ward humor about it, and who ends his communication with "I am going to close," is the man for whom the ripe grave yawns and yearns.

POLITICS FOR YOUNG AMERICANS.

Every boy born on American soil may one day be President of these great United States. This is an axiom in politics. There are a good many boys now growing up and thoughtlessly hastening toward a candidacy. To these boys we have a few words to say.

Begin to keep a diary early in life. Go every day, when you have written up your day's doings, to a notary and swear to them.

Get every boy who saw you do any of the things mentioned in your diary to go with you and sign as a witness. Make him swear to it.

Thus in the great hereafter, when you are running for office, and the daily press begins to rake up your record and make it lively for you, you can trot out your diary and have it published, and annihilate the opposition with something like this:

January 2nd, 1885.

Got up at six o'clock this morning. Had buckwheat-cakes and molasses and very weak coffee for breakfast. Ate nine buckwheat-cakes and drank two cups of coffee. Dropped the saucer on the floor and broke it. Mother licked me. Mother frequently licks me. Mother seems to like it. Somehow I don't. After breakfast went to school. Was late and got licked again by the teacher. Knew my geography lesson, and went up eight places in class by being able to bound the State of Georgia. At recess Johnny Grubbs tried to lick Jimmy Snubbs. Johnny is bigger than Jimmy. I wouldn't have it, and pounded the stuffing out of Johnny. After recess the teacher licked me for that. After school I went home and sawed wood for mother. I don't hanker after sawing wood. At six o'clock I had my supper. At 8 o'clock I went to bed.

JAMES G. GROVER.

Sworn to before me this day, the second of January, in the year of our Lord 1885.

PETER Q. FERRY, Notary Public.

JEREMIAH BLACK, } Witnesses.
ALFRED BROWN,

That is the racket!

Think of the glory of being able to produce a page like that!

The opposition papers would come out in howling stories of your infantile perversity. They would tell how you had smashed dishes and how your mother had thrashed you for it.

Then the papers on your side would print a selection from your diary showing that you had dropped the dish accidentally, and your mother had punished you but lightly. As an offset to this they would produce the glorious story of your going up eight places in the geography class, and would argue that a man who was so minutely acquainted with every part of the country would be just the man to govern it.

Then the opposition papers would dig up the fact that on the very same day your teacher had thrashed you at school, and would infer that you had done something very wrong.

Then the papers on your side would bring out the fact that your teacher had thrashed you because you had taken the part of the weak and oppressed, and had literally "knocked the stuffing" out of the oppressor.

This would save the day, and you would be gloriously, triumphantly, overwhelmingly elected.

Of course there are exceptions to every rule. There are men whom such a course would not assist at all.

If their records were kept daily and sworn to before witnesses, they would be worse off than ever. You can find them all around you. Only one of them, however, is running for President.

His name is James G. Blaine.

His record has been very well kept by kind friends.

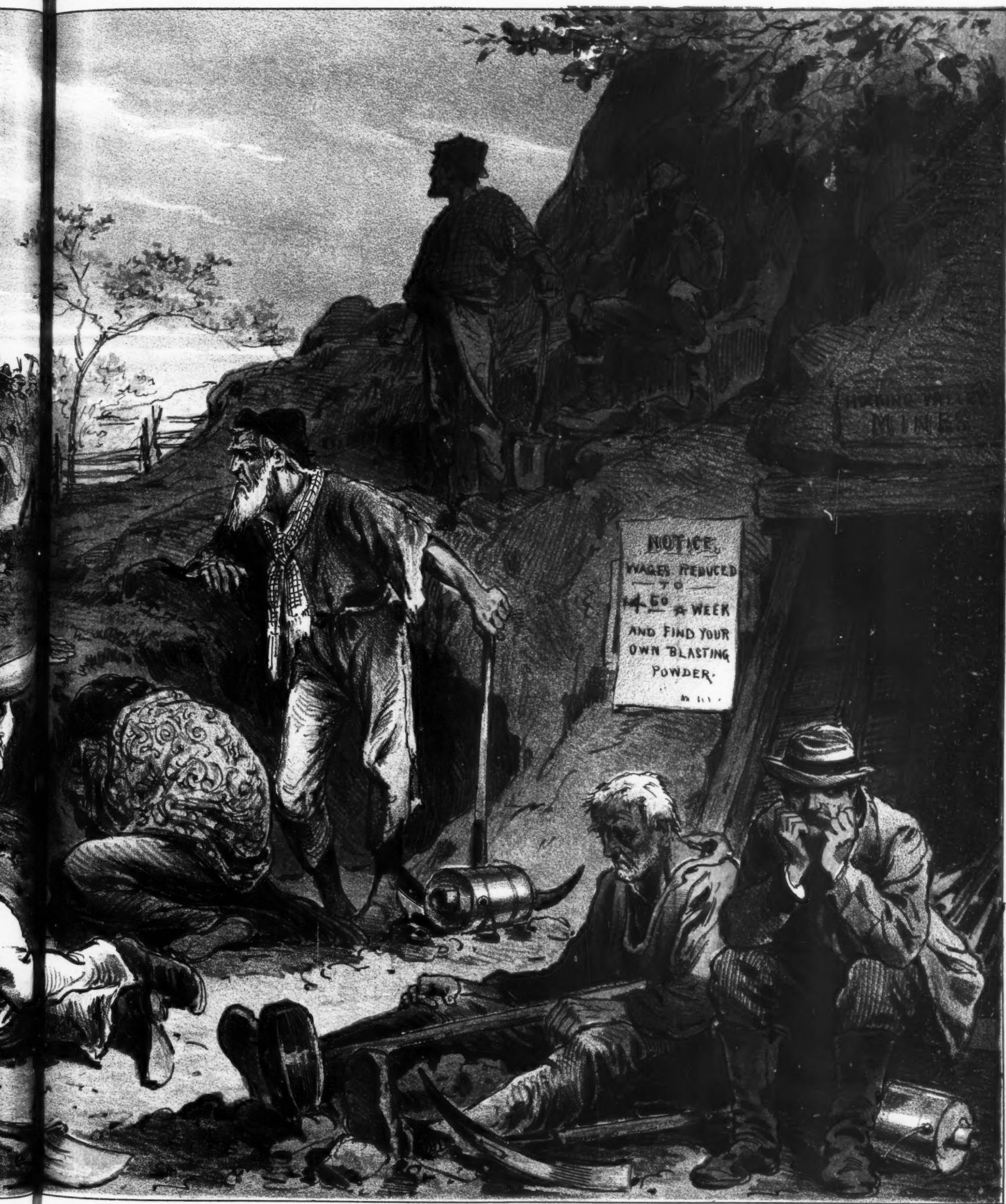
It will not elect him—not this year.



THE FALSE "FRIEND"

HUNGRY MINER.—"You call yourself our friend! You ask for our votes! Why, you are the ally of the monopoly!"

PCK.



D OF THE WORKINGMAN."

ly of the monopolists who starved us out in Hocking Valley, and imported cheap Italian laborers to take our place!"

OCTOBER SIGNS.

BEING A RANDOM REVIEW OF THE SEASON.

The bracing winds of Autumn go moaning sadly through the grape-vines, and so do the boys who have caught on to a fish-hook dangling among the luscious bunches. They outman the sad, sobbing, wailing winds of Autumn, with many a moan to spare. And that is the reason they don't go across the field on a run. They think the owner of the grapes will not molest them because they have already been sufficiently punished at the point of the fish-hook.

And the dog knows it, too. The good-natured impulsive dog who loves justice and trouser-seats lies on the stoop and watches the boys as they dance along trying to get the hooks out as they would out of a fish. And he laughs away back behind his ears in such a way that he looks as if the top of his head was fastened on with a hinge. And therefore he doesn't follow the boys, but sits on the stoop scratching his left ear with one of his hind-legs.

This is the time of the year when the dog is happiest. It is just cold enough for him to run with you when you don't want him to. He is always ready to go along, unless you are moving in the direction of a pond. Then, if he goes along, he will skulk and look cold-eyed and suspicious while he shivers. If you stoop to pick up a twenty-dollar gold-piece, the dog will immediately suspect that you are going to throw a stone at him, and with a howl he will turn tail and fly from you like the wind.

In the Autumn it is best to have either a red, a yellow, or a russet dog, because any or all of these tones harmonize with the landscape, and support the bitter-sweet spirit of the season. It would not do to have a green dog in October, because nothing is green in October except the man who intends to vote for Butler. If you can not get an old-gold, a red or a russet dog, get one of a lavender or smoke hue.

A good smoke-colored dog symbolizes the dreamy haze that disports itself about the field and wood, and hangs in languid pennons in poems. And a lavender dog suggests the long Autumn twilight that is so full of reverie. You occasionally see this sort of dreaminess in these unbleached etchings that cost fifty dollars apiece, and look as though they have been colored like a meerschaum pipe, or soaked in saffron tea to give them an air of mellowness.

And now the old weather-prophet tells you all about the forthcoming Winter by his aches and pains. He has a pain in his knee, and that means that it is going to be very cold, and you had better lay in a good stock of coal right away. He makes you believe that rheumatism is the groundwork of the weather-prophet business, and that if you read PUCK ON WHEELS, and get rid of your aches and pains, and the causes that underlie them, you can never tell when there is going to be a snow-storm in July.

The old weather-prophet never gives you information while he is on his feet. He sits right down in your easiest chair, and makes himself at home, and drinks up all your cider, and talks you blind. And if he isn't full of rheumatism and red flannel, he gives you his ideas on the weather outlook from things he has observed. He will tell you he saw a hornet sitting on the back fence sharpening his stinger with a rat-tail file, and that is a sure sign that Winter will come late. He will tell you a lot more things equally absurd. It would be a great blessing if the gods had loved the oldest inhabitant.

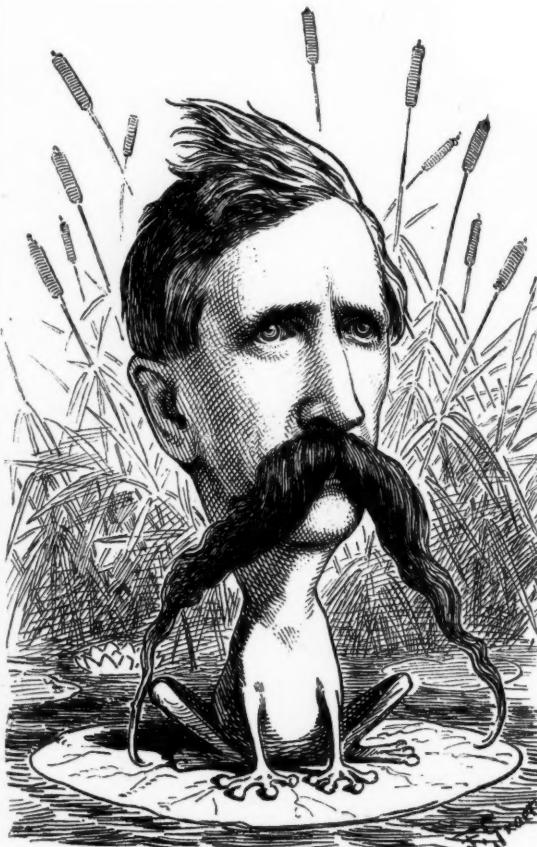
Just see the scarlet gonfalons of the forest. Just see the great, lurid, glowing, throbbing vistas of molten gold come dashing and dancing harder than that man over there, who has come home and found a great red political poster stuck on his barn that he has had painted sky-blue. Oh, doesn't he dance—doesn't he throb and pant like a bull-dog in August! He never danced so hard under the pedagogue's flying stick. He won't have to purchase any ball-tickets this Winter. He is doing a quadrille, a waltz, a polka and a war-dance all at once. And oh, how he is spoiling the walk with his boot-heels!

If his landlord came along and offered to put in gas and water, stationary wash-tubs, a new boiler, and an electric servant-girl, he would not appear calm. But the landlord will not do any one of these things; he will simply keep out of the way until next February, and then he will come fawning up to you like a kicked and brickbatted dog that wants to make up, to see if you will stay another year.

This is all we know about Autumn, except that just after you have fallen asleep at night a political procession stops about three or four inches from your house, and begins to yell and drum and fire off cannons. R. K. M.

If you look through the papers you will learn that this is about the best time of the year to lay in coal. How satisfactory it is to look at the well-filled bin, and know that you have enough to keep you warm all Winter, and preclude the necessity of wearing your overcoat, the piano-cover and the Turkish rugs on your bed at night. The coal brings to your mind the long merry Winter evenings punctuated by the popping of corn and the gurgle of cider. We can see the family drawn around the glowing fire in the parlor, when everything is so silent that you could hear a hat-stand fall. And we can hear the faltering old accents of the tottering white-haired grandfather as he reads to the family circle from PUCK ON WHEELS. Price twenty-five cents.

PROHIBITION'S PET.



ST. JOHN.—“It's cold, and lonesome, and not exhilarating—but I like it—oh, I like it!”

SOME NEW CURIOSITIES.

A BOWERY MUSEUM'S LATEST DEPARTURE.

The seedy young man who stood in front of the Bowery dime-museum had an air of importance seldom noticed in a crier.

When he extended an invitation to exchange a dime or miss the chance of a life-time he meant what he said.

“There are no old fakes inside!” he yelled: “Everything is as new and as fresh as Jim Blaine!”

I crawled under the stream of eloquence and passed in. The lecturer grabbed me and talked long and eloquently.

“A new departure in the curiosity line!” he exclaimed: “It occurred to me months ago that the old style of curiosities were played out. People have become tired of gazing at a fat woman. At the best she is an uninteresting object, and men who get all the chin they want at home don't care to squander a dime to see a woman who travels principally on four well-developed chins. The fat woman must go.”

“Then take a living skeleton. The time was when no museum was complete without six feet of bones held together by some skin and an appetite. But in these hard times living skeletons can be found around every free lunch counter.

“Since saloon-keepers began placing beer-kegs outside of their doors, the number of Circassian ladies who can be seen nightly on Mulberry Street is astonishing. A quart of stale beer and a foot of hair on a girl's head will convert Bridget O'Toole into a Circassian lady in two days.

“Rival museums can have these old attractions. We use nothing but the latest. Don't go too close to that steel cage, or you may lose an arm. That blood-thirsty animal beating upon the bars is a Jersey mosquito. It was captured while making off with a seven-year-old girl from a New Jersey Summer-resort. Captivity has not subdued its fierceness. Stay and see it fed.

“There has long been an impression that the sea-serpent existed only in the imaginations of men who won't vote for St. John. We dispel that illusion. The monster in the tank is a genuine sea-serpent, caught at Rockaway while looking for board in the big hotel.

“See this old lady! Notice her white hair and patriarchal smile! She is one hundred and ten years old, and a real curiosity. Why? Because she never kissed George Washington, and never sawed a cord of wood in her life.

“We have an agent in Buffalo looking up the man who did not go to school with Grover Cleveland. He is becoming discouraged, however.

“The woman who didn't scream when a mouse ran by her will be on exhibition next week.

“That intelligent-looking man near the mosquito ranks high in the profession. He never once inquired last Summer: ‘Is it hot enough for you?’

“We had hopes of securing a political healer who refused to drink when invited. It turned out that he was full at the time, and had no room for more. We couldn't use him.

“Everything is genuine in this great museum, or your money refunded.”

GEORGE DALTON.

THERE'S MANY a slip between the banana-skin and the side-walk; also between the nomination and the election.

DR. EPHRAIM'S DOG.

Dr. Ephraim Lardner says that he hasn't much faith in Dr. Koch's discovery of a microbe, or a *comma bacillus*, or whatever he calls it. He's been trying it on a dog. Dr. Ephraim Lardner has, and he's a heap wiser than he was.

Dr. Ephraim didn't have any dog of his own, so he advertised for a dog that wasn't largely valued by its owner. He didn't want to destroy any valuable dogs. Well, the day the advertisement appeared in the paper, about eleven of the worst dogs that any one ever saw were taken to Dr. Ephraim's house.

Some of them had had misunderstandings with other dogs, and had suffered most of the misfortunes of war. Others had met with uncharitable persons who didn't believe in dogs, anyhow, and had distributed boiling water among them. Others had neglected to arise from sunny spots in the street when the milk-wagon was coming, and had been grievously broken up thereby.

Dr. Ephraim Lardner picked out a dog that was blind in one eye, lame in two legs, bereft of his tail, and devoid of hair in the neighborhood of his spinal column. Dr. Ephraim said he didn't believe a dog like that would care much about living, anyhow.

The dog looked as if he had been a good deal discouraged in his endeavors to get along in the world, and appeared like an animal that would take kindly to a nice easy job in the way of dying a martyr to the cause of science.

Dr. Ephraim took him home and tied him up in the back yard with a piece of clothes-line. Then the dog winked his sole surviving eye, wagged the department where the tail had been, and ate up the rope. Then Dr. Ephraim got the dog a chain and a leg of mutton, and left him to his meditations. In about five minutes the dog walked into the house. Dr. Ephraim was surprised. He went out and looked for the chain. It was gone.

A thought struck him. He picked up the

dog and shook him. He rattled. There was no doubt about it—the dog had swallowed the chain. Then Dr. Ephraim took the dog into the house and shut him up in a closet. In about five minutes the dog meandered into the Doctor's study and began to eat up Austin Flint's "Practice of Medicine." The Doctor rushed to the closet. The lock was gone. The dog had eaten it.

That night Dr. Ephraim put the dog in his safe. In the morning the dog was found sitting on the study table. He had eaten up the Doctor's entire entomological collection, and had devoured all the *comma bacillus* there was on hand. Then Dr. Ephraim was tired. He took the dog back and said to his owner:

"What do you feed this dog on?"

"Feed? Say, you haven't been feedin' that pup, have you?"

"No, he's been feeding himself."

"Well, you'll spoil that dog. He ain't had nothin' to eat for six months. He's had enough for a year now. You'd better sell him back to me."

And Dr. Ephraim did it.

MR. JONES went home very late the other night and displayed some uncertainty about the key-hole, the stairs and other little trifles. He found Mrs. Jones, arrayed in a white wrapper and an atmosphere of Arctic frigidity, awaiting him.

"Well, sir, where have you been to-night?" she asked: "To the lodge?"

"Nuh. Resigned from ther lodge, m' dear. Been to see Bliss."

"Who is Bliss?"

"Don' know Bliss? Druggish, dear, druggish. He gave me zis bottle c'lone for yer."

Mrs. Jones took the bottle, drew the cork, and applied her nose. Then, with an expression of disgust, she threw it down and left the room. Jones picked up the broken bottle.

"Gim'ny! Gave her wrong bottle. Thash one Bliss an' I emptied!"

ETHEL wishes to know "if she may eat corn from the cob, and if so, how?" We hasten to assure Ethel that she may. Polite society has recognized the fact that it is the proper thing to eat the corn from the cob, and no man now eating it cob and all is invited a second time to our best tables. The manner of devouring this delicious bivalve in its natural state varies with the strength and taste of the consumer. The destroyer may hold the cob in one hand in a perpendicular position and shave the corn off with a dinner-knife. Care must be taken to smite the edge of the plate violently with every stroke. By this means two or three resolute and active corn-shavers can successfully drown out the lively conversation of twenty people. If the browser is extremely dainty, he may prod off the corn one grain at a time with a fork. Thus he will preserve a high standing in society, but will not get any corn. In court circles it is permissible to hold the cob with one hand and nibble with the other, care being taken not to allow the nose and chin to meet on the other side of the cob. But perhaps the only feeder who gets all the corn he wants, and gets it comfortably, is the epicure who clutches the cob in both hands, one at each end, sharpens his teeth, and gnaws away at that cob like a rat at a flour-barrel.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

COLD cream is said to be excellent for sunburn. For the benefit of the young ladies we will say that this does not refer to ice-cream.—*Burlington Free Press*.

IT is said the educated classes of Japan have no religion. This is a little strange when there are so many kinds of religion in the world.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

TIMES are so hard in Italy that an assassin can be hired to knife a man for eighty-five cents, or two men for \$1.50.—*Boston Post*.

JIM-JAMS—The hippodrome crowds.—*Boston Post*.

—Once you catch the flavor and fragrance of a pipe or cigarette of Blackwell's Durham Long Cut, you can appreciate this sentiment from the "Reveries of a Bachelor,"—"That first taste of the new smoke, and of the fragrant leaf is very grateful; it has a bloom about it that you wish might last. It is like your first love—fresh, genial, and rapturous."

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

CASTORIA.

When Baby was sick, we gave her CASTORIA,
When she was a Child, she cried for CASTORIA,
When she became Miss, she clung to CASTORIA,
When she had Children, she gave them CASTORIA.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper,

W. A. NOYES, 140 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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SPECIAL NOTICE

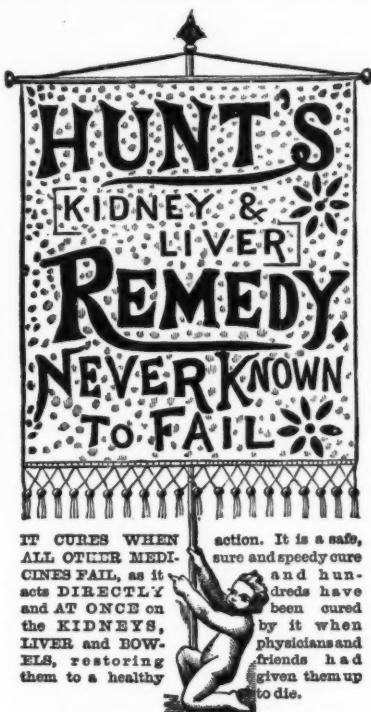
Numbers 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 29, 33, 37, 38, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 53, 54, 56, 62, 69, 77, 79, 82, 84, 85, 87, 88, 89, 92, 95, 103, 108, 113, 116, 132, 137 and 140 of English PUCK will be bought at this office at 10 cents, and number 26 at 25 cents per copy.



WIDOW.—"You see, I'm poor and can't afford to pay so much."

UNDERTAKER.—"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll throw the small one in and make it a bargain."

THERE IS an old saying that the man who laughs last laughs best. Consequently the man who laughed at the average circus-joke first could not have burst a blood-vessel.



IT CURES WHEN ALL OTHER MEDICINES FAIL, as it acts DIRECTLY and AT ONCE on the KIDNEYS, LIVER and BOWELS, restoring them to a healthy action. It is a safe, sure and speedy cure and hundreds have been cured by it when physicians and friends had given them up to die.

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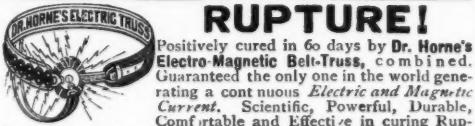
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"Paw, be you fur Blaine?"
"Yes, my son, red hot for Blaine."
"Well, what about them letters?"
"Well, you see, my boy, an infernal rascal named Fisher—a sneak, a liar, a thief, a scallawag and scoundrel named Fisher—published some letters that he says Mr. Blaine wrote to him."

"Did them show that Mr. Blaine was a bad man?"

"No, indeed, my son. On the contrary, they showed that he is a man above reproach—a man of lofty honor and strictest integrity—a man of—"

"Say, paw, then I sh'd think Mr. Fisher was a real good man to print 'em an' let everybody see what a good man Mr. Bl—"

"There, there, never mind, Theophilus. You are too young to understand politics. Run along and play now."—Chicago News.

YESTERDAY an old horse being driven along High Street before a wagon loaded with dirt fell down, and instead of being at all concerned about it the negro driver got a rest for the small of his back and filled his pipe for a smoke. Several pedestrians halted, and one finally called out:

"Why don't you help that horse up?"

"Kase Ise lifted at him befo', an' I know I can't riz one side o' him."

"But I should think you'd pity him."

"Oh, I does, boss—I sartainly does. If I didn't I wouldn't sit heah an' keep him company when I kin airn one dollar a day."—Detroit Free Press.

CONFECTIONER.—"Remember that all the French candy is in this case."

NEW CLERK.—"How do you get it fresh?"

"Fresh? Why, we make it, of course."

"But I thought French candy was imported."

"Oh, no; we make it ourselves."

"But then, why is it called French candy? Do the ingredients come from France?"

"Well, I don't know; maybe the plaster of Paris does."—Philadelphia Call.

THAT Democratic renegade, Grady, looms up on Benjamin F. Butler's bosom like a 22-carat paste diamond on the celluloid shirt-front of a third-class hotel-clerk.—Chicago News.

AN OLD TIMER—Grandfather's clock.—Boston Post.

The Highest Medical Authorities Concede Anglo-Swiss Milk Food to be the BEST prepared Food for Infants and Invalids. Ask Druggists, or write Anglo-Swiss Condensed Milk Co., 86 Hudson St., New York, for their pamphlet, "Notes Regarding Use of Anglo-Swiss Milk Food." (See advertisement in last week's PUCK.)

The most efficacious stimulants to excite the appetite are Angostura Bitters, prepared by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article.



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DYKE'S BEARD ELIXIR. For instant Mustache, Whiskers or hair on bald heads in 20 to 30 days. No injury. Easily made at home. Will prove it or forfeit 25 cents. A. L. SMITH & CO., Agents, Palatine, Ill.



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RICHMOND STRAIGHT CUT N°1
CIGARETTES.
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ALSO CLOCKS OF OUR OWN MANUFACTURE,
IN WOOD AND METAL,
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RICHEST ASSORTMENT OF
Watches and Jewelry
Schneider
GREAT REDUCTION
SILVER and GOLD
WALTHAM WATCHES.
LOWEST AND ONE PRICE ONLY.

PERISHABLE SHOES.

AN OBJECT LESSON.

Take an old rubber band, or a piece of elastic that has been kept a few months. Stretch it, and you will see that the rubber cracks and remains limp. This will show you the perishable nature of ordinary CONGRESS SHOES. The elastic sides of any Congress shoe are sure to decay and become worthless UNLESS TESTED when you buy them. Consequently, you should make it a point of interest to fact that when you may purchase your shoes INTELLIGENTLY. Bear in mind that those which have been handled by middlemen may have been piled up and held in stock for months. It is true that these goods may look as well as ever, and the weakness of the elastic perhaps will not show until the shoes have been worn awhile. Be cautious about buying Congress Shoes which may have been shelved by middlemen. If you want to be safe, buy the JAMES MEANS \$3 SHOE which is NOT handled by any middlemen, but comes FRESH from the factory of James Means & Co., to the retailer.

WASTE NOT MONEY ON INFERIOR SHOES.

And do not pay extravagant prices. Wear

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FINEST CALF SKIN, for Gentlemen's Wear.

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ABSOLUTELY UNEQUALLED IN DURABILITY, COMFORT AND STYLE.

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The shoes you have been wearing have been manufactured to sell. James Means & Co.'s Shoes are not manufactured to induce purchase by deceiving the eye; they are manufactured to satisfy and hold the wearer's trade. Shoes from the celebrated factory of James Means & Co., have been tested many years by hundreds of thousands of people.

Never, until the introduction of James Means' & Co.'s Shoes have economical people been able to purchase for \$3 a perfectly satisfied factory shoe. It is to be found within your reach, even if you live in the most distant corner of the country. Ask your retailer for it, and if he can not supply you, send your address by postal card to

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Importers and Manufacturers of

TOYS, FIREWORKS,
Masks, Gold and Silver Trimmings, Spangles and other Material for Costumes, etc.



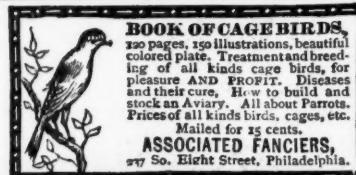
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SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD,
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION-1878.



A PRIZE.

Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUZ & CO., Augusta, Maine.

SAY JO!

DID YOU SEE "EVANS" NEW SELF-INKER? It beats all others in speed and type outfit for 5¢. Sample Cards and Catalogue 6 cents.
W. C. EVANS, 60 N. Ninth Street, Phila., Pa.

70 Chromo Cards and Tennyson's Poems mailed for one cent stamps. Acme Mfg. Co., Ivoryton, Conn.

RUPTURE

Relieved and cured without the injury trusses inflict by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN's method. Office, 251 Broadway, New York. His book, with strong endorsements and photographic likenesses of bad cases before and after cure, mailed for ten cents.

TAPE WORM.

INFALLIBLY CURED with two spoons of medicine in two or three hours. For particulars address with stamp to H. EICKHORN, No. 6 St. Mark's Place, New York.

Piles-Piles-Piles
Cured Without knife, powder or salve. No charge until cured. Write for references, Mr. Corkins, 11 E. 29th St.

"ARE you going to make your husband a Christmas-present this year?" inquired Mrs. Tibbs of her dear friend, Mrs. Sweet.

"I'm afraid not," responded Mrs. Sweet: "I was designing to, and had saved up quite a sum of money for that purpose; but I saw such a love of a bonnet at Jordan & Marsh's that I could not resist the temptation to buy it. I am afraid Mr. Sweet will have to go without his present. Shall you give Mr. Tibbs anything?"

"Oh, yes. I shall give him just a splendid present."

"Indeed! What is it to be?"

"I shall give him a box of those very expensive cigars of which he is so fond, and which he complains that he can so poorly afford to buy."

"How have you managed to save so much money?"

"Oh, I haven't done it that way. When he leaves his box carelessly on the library table, I take out one or two cigars and lay them away carefully, so that by Christmas I shall have enough to fill a box."

"What a perfectly lovely idea! Won't he be surprised?"—*Boston Globe*.

An iceman and milkman drove up to the door at the same time.

"How many pounds of ice do you leave here every morning?" asked the milkman.

"My contract calls for ten pounds, but I leave twenty for good measure. How many quarts of milk do you leave?"

"I don't leave any. They think they are getting two quarts of milk every day, but it's all pure cream."

Just then a huge truck came bowling down the street. It ran over and instantly killed both the iceman and the milkman. Their last words were:

"We'll see each other in heaven."—*Drake's Magazine*.

BECAUSE an actress is chic is no sign that she is a chicken. Quite the contrary.—*Boston Folio*.

FUR AND SEALSKIN GARMENTS.

C. C. Shayne, the well-known Wholesale Fur Manufacturer, 101 Prince Street, New York, will sell elegant Fur Garments at retail at lowest cash wholesale prices this season. This will afford a splendid opportunity to purchase strictly reliable Furs direct from manufacturer, and save retailer's profits. Fashion Book mailed free.

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NOVELTIES IN DRESS GOODS.

We are exhibiting our Fall and Winter Selections of the leading Paris styles in Cut and Uncut Brocade Wool Velvets and Plushes, Angora and Astrachan Cloths, Carmelite Serges, Plain and Mixed Cork-screw Suitings, Fancy and Clan Plaid Scotch Suitings, and Lincey Skirtings, together with a fine stock of Light and Dark Colorings in Cashmere, Camels' Hair, &c.

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AGENTS for an article necessary in every household. Salary or commission. Outfit gratis. S. LUBIN, 237 N. 8th St., Phila.

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A Perfect Fit Guaranteed. Support, Relief, Comfort. Automatically Adjustable. Displacement Impossible. The individual wearing it will not be conscious of its presence. Lecture on Nervous Tension and Circular mailed free. Sold by Druggists. (Every Bandage) S. E. G. RAWSON, Patentee, Sent by mail safely. (Guaranteed.) Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

40 Hidden Name, Embossed and New Chrome Cards, name in new type, an Elegant 48 page Gilt bound Floral Autograph Album with quotations, 12 page Illustrated Premium and Price List and Agent's Canvassing Outfit all for 15c. SNOW & CO., Meriden Conn.

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THE GREATEST OFFER EVER MADE TO SPORTSMEN.

HANDSOME ENGLISH CARVED & CHECKERED WALNUT STOCK.
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MODERN IMPROVEMENTS. EJECTOR.
USES CENTRE FIRE PAPER OR BRASS SHELLS.



WARRANTED HAND MADE
WILL KILL AT 100 YARDS.

We have just purchased AT A GREAT SACRIFICE from a LEADING NEW YORK

GUN IMPORTING FIRM (who have recently failed) their entire stock of the well-known and standard "JAMESON" DOUBLE-BARREL BREECH-LOADING SHOTGUNS, AS ABOVE DESCRIBED AND SHOWN IN CUT. It is equal in every respect to a COLT, PARKER, or REMINGTON for BRILLIANT EXECUTION AND OTHERWISE. As we bought a large number, we have decided to offer a LIMITED NUMBER AT ONLY \$13.75 each, UP TO JAN'Y 15th, 1885, (for the purpose of introducing them more thoroughly in the United States). AFTER JAN'Y 15th, 1885, we shall charge the REGULAR RETAIL PRICE OF \$33.00. SPORTSMEN AND OTHERS can now lay aside their muzzle loaders and secure this most SUPERIOR BREECH-LOADER at the UNPARALLELED LOW PRICE OF \$13.75. We caution Gun buyers to beware of bogus and imitation Double-Barrel Breech-Loaders offered at near this price. The testimonials of same are generally spurious and used as bait to catch orders. The barrels of such guns are frequently made of Pot-Metal, Sham-Twist, or Wrought-Iron and are unsafe to shoot. THE BARRELS OF THE JAMESON AS OFFERED BY US are made of THE FINEST SHEFFIELD STEEL, and each Gun is so BRANDED, besides we will send a GUARANTEE with each one. NO OTHER FIRM WILL DO THIS. Upon receipt of part of the amount, to show good faith in ordering and to cover us on Express charges, we will ship C.O.D. by Express, with privilege to examine before you accept it, or if the full amount of \$13.75 is sent with order, we will send BREECH-LOADING TOOLS AND A CARTRIDGE BELT FREE with each Gun. ORDER NOW. CUT THIS ADVERTISEMENT OUT, to save confusion, AND RETURN WITH YOUR ORDER. This advertisement will not appear again, and it will be a very long time before we will ever again be able to make such another great and most ADVANTAGEOUS OFFER. Nothing gained by correspondence as the Gun is fully described above. Money returned, less Express charges, if it is not as represented and satisfactory. AT \$13.75 IT IS THE BARGAIN OF ALL BARGAINS. Call on or address, WARREN MANUFACTURING CO. 9 WARREN STREET, N. Y.

Did She Die?

"No!"
 "She lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years."
 "The doctors doing her no good."
 "A d at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."
 "Indeed! Indeed!"
 "How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A Daughter's Misery.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery."
 "From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and Nervous debility."
 "Under the care of the best physicians, who gave her disease various names."
 "But no relief."
 "And now she is restored to us in good health by simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that w : had shunned for years before using it."—THE PARENTS.

Father is Getting Well.

"My daughters say:
 "How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters."
 "He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable"
 "And we are so glad that he used your Bitters."
 —A LADY of Utica, N. Y.

ANGOSTURA**BITTERS.**

An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world for Dyspepsia, Diarrhea, Fever and Ague, and all diseases of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, and beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

J. W. WUPPERMANN, SOLE AGENT.
 51 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Now that the chilly nights of Fall are beginning to come, the dark closet is opened and the overcoat is brought forth. Nothing makes a man so hot as to find that moths have been playing hide and seek up and down the front of his best overcoat. It is astonishing what an appetite a moth has, and how many square inches of a sixty-dollar overcoat he can get away with in one short Summer. They don't make any noise about it, but as soon as Spring opens, and it becomes warm, their appetite reminds them that they have been lying quiet for some time, and so they go to work to eat enough to last all Winter. When Fall comes again and you take your overcoat off the hook, it looks as though it had been chewed by a buzz-saw.—*Peck's Sun.*

OUT on a fly—the sparrow.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

GREENVILLE, Ct., May 8, 1883.
 "Was attacked with severe kidney disease. HUNT's [Kidney and Liver] RAMBLY was advised, and one bottle completely cured me."—Chas. H. Alexander, Foreman Dye House, Shetucket Mills.

"I will certify to the truth of the above."—John A. Morgan, Greenville, Conn.

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 Dry and Extra Dry.
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BOKER'S BITTERS
 The Oldest and Best of all
 STOMACH BITTERS,
 AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE.
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 THE SHOW END OF EACH PIECE BEARS THE ABOVE MARK IN LARGE GOLD LETTERS
 Prices range from \$1.25 to \$3.00 per yard

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\$12.50 for \$7.50.



Here is a Dolman which we can sell for \$7.50, which cannot be bought anywhere else in the city for less than \$12.50. It is made of fine quality black diagonal cloth, and trimmed, as shown in our illustration, with wide bands of astrakhan. It is really one of the choicest bargains we have ever offered, and we have given a good many.

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 6 packs 50c., your name hidden by hand holding flowers on each. 50 New Imported English Playing Cards 15c.
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THE GENERATOR QUICKLY CURES

Stomach, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Constipation, Cough, Debility, Heartburn, Rheumatism, Weak Stomach, Dyspepsia, Aches and Pains, Weak Back, Malaria, Chills and Fever, Nervous Troubles, Sciatica, Vertigo, Indigestion, and all their complications.

There is no Waiting. It acts Immediately.

We guarantee each Generator,

OUR MOTTO being, "NO CURE, NO PAY."

FROM MAJOR A. H. TOWNSEND—CHICAGO, Ill., December 17th, 1880.—Your Generator is a wonder. It stopped my rheumatic pains in two hours, and it has not returned since. I suffered a great deal, and am truly grateful. The second one has also relieved the pain in my wife's back, and she says it is worth its weight in gold. Please send me two more for a friend.

(Major) A. H. TOWNSEND,

FROM A RAILROAD CONTRACTOR—BOSTON, Mass., January 28th, 1881.—Bad digestion and dyspepsia, caused by hurried eating while traveling, has made me a sufferer for years. Your Generator has made me a well man, and I would advise others to try it. Please send me three more to General P. O., Galveston, Tex.

R. H. SANFORD.

YORKSHIRE CENTRE, Cat. Co., N. Y., March 1st.—Dear Sir:—Please send me another of your London Galvanic Generators. The last I ordered was for a lady who was in great distress with dyspepsia. The Generator relieved her immediately. H. M. CROAKER.

BRIDGEPORT, N. J., Nov. 15th, 1880.—Dear Sir:—Please send me one more London Galvanic Generator. The first one you sent has done so much good that it calls for another. Several of my employees want them, they being satisfied that the Generator is no "humbug."

A. F. BAUM.

Price 50 Cents, of all Druggists.

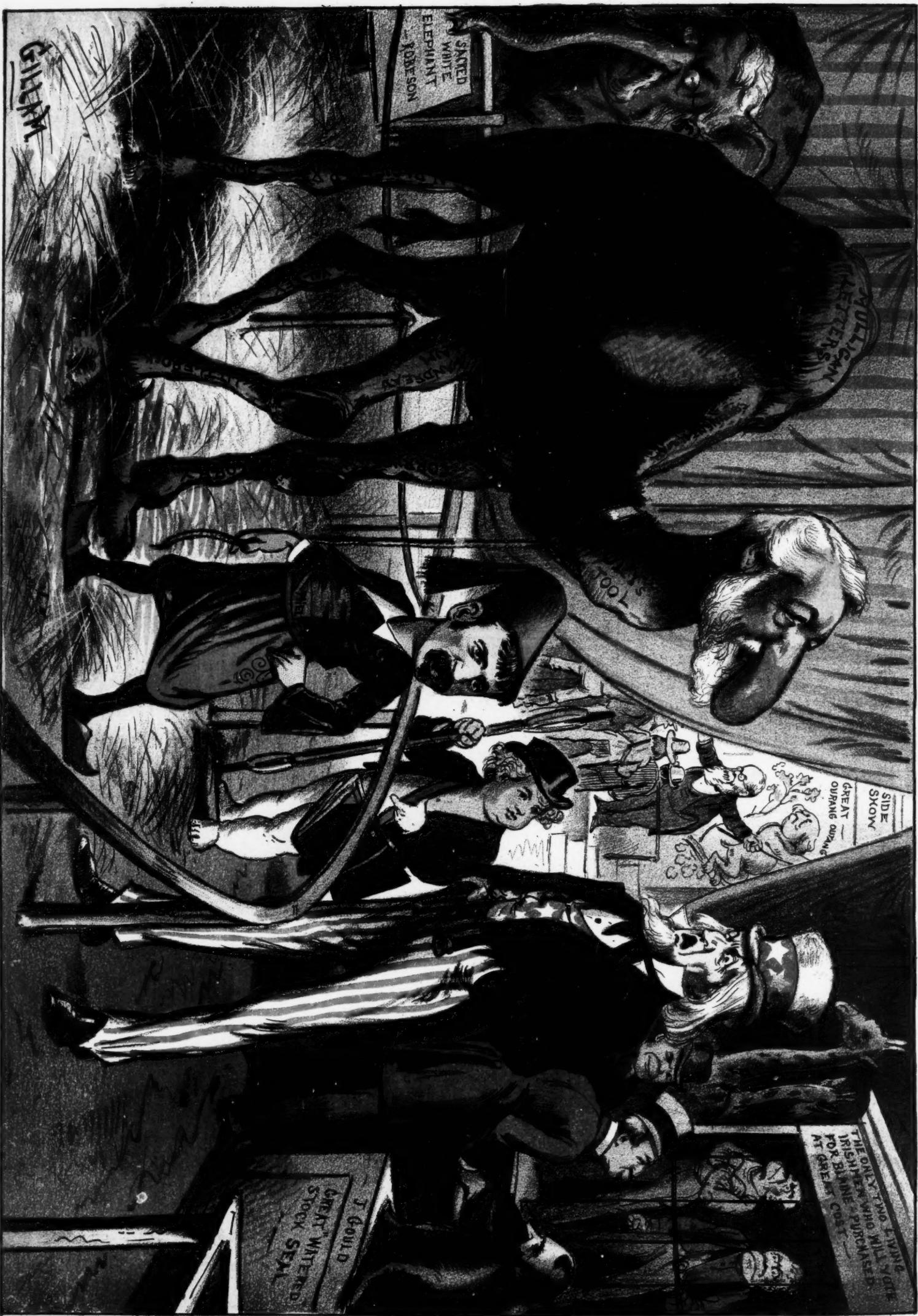
Ask for London Galvanic Generator. Take no other. We will mail one, post paid, to any part of the United States on receipt of the amount. Enclose 10c. for registration. Make all orders payable to G. A. SCOTT, 842 Broadway, New York.

Remit in Stamps, Postal Note or Check. MENTION PUCC.

BUCK, Pa.—Dear Sir:—I can highly recommend your London Galvanic Generator. My wife has had an old complaint in her back and side for 20 years, so bad at times that it wholly incapacitated her. She tried the Generator for a short time and she was entirely relieved.

Yours truly,

H. SHUMAN.



OFFICE OF "PUCK," 21 WARREN ST., NEW YORK.

A SCENE IN THE MAGNETIC MENAGERIE.

UNCLE SAM.—"Great Mulligan! What makes the dern critter's back so crooked?" —

PUCK.—"Do you see anything *straight* about him that induces you to ask that question?"